

who at that time were still childlike in spirit. Soon, however, passions awoke in the human heart, and darker and darker grew the soul of man.

One beautiful summer night a man was lying on the mossy grass of the forest. Sleep and his children tried to approach him; but Sin prevented them, for in his soul the thought of a terrible crime had arisen. In vain Sleep shook wondrous drops out of his magic wand; in vain Dreams flitted around him; again and again he resisted their power. Then Sleep called his children. "Let us fly," he said, "this man is not worthy of our gifts;" and they fled.

When they were far away Sleep took his magic wand and, half in anger that this time its power had failed, he thrust it in the earth, and his children decked it with all the flitting, joyful visions intended for the man they had left. Night saw them, and she breathed life into the wand, that it might take root in the earth. It grew, and still concealed the drops that bring sweet slumbers; the gifts of the Dreams were turned into delicate, glowing petals, and the first poppy grew and bloomed."

The story was ended. Morning dawned. And as the sunlight broke through the trees, the scattered petals of a rose fluttered through the forest, sadly whispering a last farewell. And tears hung on every flower.



Chatter.

"To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

"When I'm a large, big boy like papa, I shall go to bidness, read the paper, smoke a pipe, have Molly for my little wife, and all them kind of that things."

"Do you know, one day your dog and my dog and mamma's dog sat up on his hind knees begging?"

J. "Does God see me always?"

M. "Yes, always."

J. "When I'm asleep?"

M. "Yes."

J. "And will he stay with me if everybody else goes out?"

M. "Yes, dear."

J. "And when they come back again will He go back to heaven?"

M. "No, He stays with you all the time."

J. "But who will remoose Him when I'm gone to sleep?"

J. (who has been hearing about his friend's little new brother). "But where did that little baby come from, I wonder. Can't I go to a shop and buy one?"

M. "No, we can't buy babies. God sends them."

J. "Well, I wish He would send me one. How will He know that I want one?"

M. "You had better tell Him."

J.'s prayer that evening was: "Dear God, thank you for everysing you give me. Bless parpar and mammar and baby brother, and everybody that I love; and give me a little sister. Amen."

M. "Good night, J. Shut the door after you."

J. "Oh, but I shall be down again in the morning."

I gave baby a fig one day, and J. a plum, which was not entirely satisfactory to him. However, he set to work at it without complaint, and when I turned away for a moment, swallowed the stone. When I reproved him, he retorted at once,

"It just serves you right, mamma. If you had given me a fig I should not have done it."

J. had been so obstreperous one day that in despair I at last suggested, "J., suppose you run upstairs and see how poor baby is now."

"Shall I come down again?" asks wary J.; to which I give no answer, feeling like a traitor discovered; and J. triumphantly adds, "I don't think I should, so I won't go!"

J. "If I went to heaven to live with God, has He got any toys He could give me?"

M. "Yes, beautiful things — nicer things than you can think of."

J. "What? Hammers?"

J. "Wasn't it a great trouble to make that sideboard?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, what's the use of making a great trouble like that, just for people to look at?"

"I wish we'd never got a baby at all, 'cos when cook comes up in the nursery, I've always got a lot to tell her; but she will listen to baby, and he talks too much!"

J. "I've got a whole box of kisses inside me, and the box is in my heart."

P. "And I've got a little man inside *me*, with a lot of stuff that he makes into kisses; and then he sends them up to my mouth, and I give them to people."

J. (seven years)—when P. has got paint on his fingers. "That's what becomes of touching paints when little persons don't know how to."

J. "Muriel isn't very well, mamma; I heard Aunt Ellen say she had a slight touch of something—I *think* it was a touch of ipecacuanha."

P. (five years)—thoughtfully as he steps into the bath. "I suppose the people are just getting up now in heaven—I mean in Australia."

J. (seven). "I see what comes of P. having tonic; he's got a *very* good appetite, but a very bad boy."

P. (to little school-fellow). "Would you like to come to my birthday party?"

"Yes."

"Well, you *can't*, 'cos my mamma doesn't know your mamma."

J. (seven). "I've made up my mind; I'm going to marry Bertha."

P. (five). "And I shall marry Bessie."

J. (seriously). "I *understood* you were going to marry Mary."

Aunt. "Now P., go and talk to Lily. Tell her all about Jack. She knows all about Jack."

P. (five and a-half, grumpily). "Well, if she knows all about Jack, what's the good of my telling her?"

Original Threat. P. (five and a-half—on being refused more sugar in his milk). "You take the big lumps for yourself, and won't give me any—that's what you do! I'll have your little bones for lunch."

P. (on hearing that cherry trees grow from the stones). "Then where did they get the stone when the *first* cherry tree was invented?"

P. (giving an object lesson). "Is water carnivorous?"

Papa. "Please, sir, yes,—I think so."

P. "That's quite right! Now I'll draw a pond. It's up in the south, in Liverpool."

J. (seven and a-half). "You see my silkworms will never die. They turn into chrysalises, and they turn into moths, and the moths lay eggs, and the eggs turn into silkworms again, and so they go round and round like a wheel."

P. "But they *must* die sometime. *We* shall die, and then who would feed them?"

J. "Oh, but we shall grow up first, and have some children, and *they* can feed them; and then *they* will grow up, and have some more children, and so there will always be somebody to feed the silkworms, don't you see?"

J. (seven and a-half). "I know about Henry I. He got a lot of bricklayers and repaired England, because she was all in rags and tatters."

J. "Mamma shan't go away."

P. "Yes, she shall, 'cos what'll it be when she comes back? Presents and goodies!!!"

Ju. (three.) "Ought I be quick? Did I was too late?"

P. (seven.) "Why, I say, they *are* backward at my school. They haven't even got to where Henry VIII. was so fat that he had to be wheeled about on machinery."

J. (nine.) "My father is always popular everywhere. So am I popular with my school-fellows. In fact we're a very *populous* family."

M. "Well, Phil., did you congratulate Miss Jones?"

P. (seven)—grumpily. "I told her it was *horrid* of her to get married."

M. "Was that all you said?"

P. "I said I didn't b'lieve from what I'd heard that Mr. — was a very nice man!"

First Churchgoing. J. (aged three and three-quarters.) "We came up from the circus (*sic*) in an omnibus. I saw a man reading a book. He hadn't got no legs. He was in a cupboard;—at least it was painted like a cupboard, but it hadn't got no tea-sings in it."

M. "Come down, Ju." (M., engaged, does not see to it that Ju. does come down: by and by Ju., three and three-quarters.)

"Mamma, you've told an untroof. You said 'Come down,' and I didn't come down!"

J. (nine and three-quarters). "I like 'Never say die' for a motto. And next to that I like 'Little children love one another.'"

P. "But we *don't* love one another."

J. "Nor we do. I'm never so happy as when I'm quarrelling with Ph."

P. "And I'm happiest when I've made Jack cry, or" (his face lighting with pleasure) "when I'm getting him into trouble."

J. (showing picture-book to Ju.—three and three-quarters.) "So King Alfred let the cakes burn, and when the woman came home she boxed his ears."

Ju. (who knows the story by heart.)

"No, J., 'tisn't boxed his ears. It's 'gave him such a scolding as a king rarely gets.'"

J. "Oh, well, perhaps they put that *here*. But if you read the proper story in the Bible, it says 'boxed his ears.' But you're such an ignirant little thing, I dare say you don't know what the Bible is."

J. (indignantly). "Yes, I do, J., it's about going to Bef-le-um."

J. (nine and a-half; trying to make a kite frame). "Will this do, mamma?"

M. "No, it is too heavy. If I were you I would not try that: you can't manage it."

J. "Now, that's just the way! If it was lessons, it would be 'Try, try, try again,' but when it's a kite, it's '*Don't try*.'"

P. (after driving over some tan laid in the road, and asking its use). "Wouldn't it be nice if *everybody* was ill except ourselves? Then there would be tan over all the roads, and we should drive about *so* quietly."

J. "You said the bag was invisible. That means it's there, but you can't see it."

J. "When the boys were all *accumulated*, we," &c., &c.

M. "Phil! You should *never* put your knife in your mouth."

P. (eight). "Mamma! You should never shout at a person when he has his knife in his mouth; it's the way to make him cut himself."

M. "Oh, J., how can you speak so to me! I believe you are really sorry all the time."

J. "Oh, indeed! If you were inside me you'd soon see if I was sorry! * * I do believe the devil's got inside me."

M. "For shame, J.; I won't have you say such things."

J. "Well, papa says it."

M. "*No!*"

J. "He does. I've heard him say 'devill'd fowl.'"

Ju. was climbing down from his chair to let pussy out of the room, when P. anticipated him. Ju. set up a roar of vexation. J. (the eldest of the three) dropped on hands and knees instantly, saying, "Here is a *big* pussy that wants to be let out, Ju.," and when Ju. had opened the door, he crawled out and in again, setting him laughing heartily. Then Ju. remembered that he "owed Phil one," and prepared to cuff him, deliberately; but Ph. slipped off his chair on the other side, and Ju. slapped the chair, restoring general hilarity.

P. Snatches some grapes and is deprived of them.

J. (nine and a-half, sententiously). "I shan't grab my grapes. Æsop's Fables says, 'Happy is the man that is warned by the misfortunes of others.'"

P. (eight, who has been painting a text). "Can I have gruel always for breakfast?"

M. "No. Porridge is better for you."

P. "I don't believe that mother is much good, anyhow. It says, 'Ask and it shall be given you.'"

M. "What! Is the panorama thrown aside already?"

J. (promptly). "You know, mamma, you always say it's a pity to stick to a thing till you are tired of it."

J. (nine and a-half). "Raining! and we can't let off the fireworks. What *shall* we do?"

Ju. (four). "Just go outside and *shout* to God."

J. (ten). "I swallowed a pea from my pea-shooter, but I didn't feel a single result. There wasn't any to feel."

P. "Why can't papa feed the baby?"

J. (promptly shutting him up). "Don't extend your knowledge to unknown facts."

P. "J., you've finished breakfast once. You are only 'eating for greedy.'"

J. (earnestly). "Oh! No, *truly*. *Toast inspires new life.*"

M. "Ju., please do leave off shaking my couch."

Ju. "Mamma, you shouldn't say 'please' when you speak to boys. You should say, *Will yer?*"

D. (three and a-half). "What story is this, N.?"

N. "Beauty and the Beast."

D. (deeply shocked). "Oh, N.! You *must not* say 'beast.'"

J. (ten and a-half). "I wonder how Mag" (housemaid about to be married) "will like changing from a servant to a mistress, with the command of servants."

M. "She won't have servants."

J. "Yes, Mr. — is rich."

M. "Oh no, Jack."

J. "Excuse me, mamma. He's a very nice man, and dressed very respectably, and he gave Em. and me two bottles of ginger beer, up in the village one day."

(So-called original composition by J., ten and three-quarters).

"When in that house M.P.'s divide. Some go on Lord Churchill's side, and some go on to Mr. Chamberlain's, and each

side takes especial pains to make the other side feel small, and call bad names like 'bonnet' and 'jackal.'"

J. "There are two boats out at sea; they're *exactly* alike. If you hadn't seen one you'd say it was the other."

N. (five, showing drawing—creature rather vague). "Guess what that is, papa."

"Oh, that must be Æolus" (his hunter).

N. "No, 'tisn't, it's a dog!"

Papa. "But it has got a saddle on."

N. "Aha, I put the saddle on so you shouldn't guess."

J. having told D. (three and a-half) a story of a sagacious elephant—and asked her to tell one in her turn—she gravely repeated the same throughout.

J. "But that's the same story, D."

D. (earnestly). "No. It was another elephant, and another man."

P. "I don't see why you grown-up people should want to have all the talking and time to yourselves."

M. "Oh, P., how can you say that? Haven't I been reading to you for half this afternoon?"

P. (readily). "Oh, I've no fault to find of *you*."

M. "And what did you do at school to-day, D.?"

D. (four). "Well, the first lesson was beads; and the second lesson was big stripes of corn."

M. "And what did you do with those?"

D. "Made a cornfield."

M. "What with?"

D. "Why bricks, of course."

Hedging. P. (thirteen). "I'm afraid you're a goody-goody."

J. (nine). "What's that?"

P. "Why you try to be very proper and good at school."

J. (indignantly). "I don't."

P. (down on him). "Then you ought to."

J. (puzzled). "Well—well, I don't try *much*."